

## Getting it Right in 2013!

# Getting It Right!

It's good to report that the arrangement between South Australian Country Music Clubs and the timing of their events has been working quite well over recent years. Credit must go to each Country Music Club who consciously and consistently attempt to avoid a date-clash when organising their shows. Their good planning maximises event attendance; creates a good atmosphere and maintains a good working relationship between clubs; and also pays bands and artists a reasonable fee for their performance. Our community based Country Music Clubs use many different approaches in raising funds to cover running costs. It's a fact that without regular financial income our clubs wouldn't exist.

Attracting a good sized audience is always a bit of a gamble in showbiz. Sometimes an event may be profitable. Other times its break-even; and then there are those events that gobble up substantial funds... Then the volunteer Committee congregates to discuss... 'What went wrong?'

At club level, when organising events, it's sometimes difficult to avoid a date clash. As fortune has it; there is sometimes the... unforeseen collision when event organisers arrange similar events for the same day. The result may be that each event will attract less than enough customers to cover costs. From a practical perspective, financial loss is not good business.

Loss of funds for clubs and promoters; disappointment for audiences because of the lack of 'atmosphere'; the underpaid artists who barely earn enough income to cover their transport... everyone from organisers to artists travel home disappointed and disheartened.

The majority of bands and artists do what they do for the pleasure of playing and/or singing. By the time they have purchased their expensive instruments and equipment they are out of pocket by thousands of dollars. The opportunity costs, the investment of time on practice and travelling is much more than the fee they receive. That's if they are paid a fee. Many artists play for free, or for token payments, or just to help out.

In the music industry, (as in any industry) there are the fortunate and the not so fortunate...

The superstars of today mostly started from humble beginnings, their talent, hard work and staying power has paid off. Also however, part of success is... being at the right place at the right time; and **who** you know.

On the other hand many musicians carry on dreaming the dream; competing against each other; competing with DJ's, karaoke and pre-recorded music. Opportunities especially for bands in the **live music** scene are spread so thinly these days that it can become discouraging when gigs are so few and far between.

In addition to the undesirable barriers we sometimes experience in the country music industry, negative and unhealthy information is often circulated. If coordinators of Country Music in South Australia truly wish to create real opportunity for artists and for venues, they need to use some enthusiastic dynamic innovation, and work in harmony with **all** concerned. On occasion this is not happening!

To be successful in putting Country Music into top gear... Those at the driving wheel need to be looking far ahead; putting self interest to the side for a while and be seen to be working cooperatively in the interests of **everyone** in the **Country Music Industry**.

One wonders what 2013 holds in store?



Submitted by Gawler Country Music Club Inc

## 1950's in The Land That Made Me, Me.

Long ago and far away, in a land that time forgot,  
Before the days of Dylan, or the dawn of Camelot.  
There lived a race of innocents, and they were **you and me**,  
We longed for love and romance, and waited for our Prince,  
Eddie Fisher married Liz, and no one's seen him since.  
We danced to 'Little Darlin,' and sang to 'Stagger Lee'  
And cried for Buddy Holly  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Only girls wore earrings then, and 3 was one too many,  
And only boys wore flat-top cuts, except for Jean McKinney.  
And only in our wildest dreams did we expect to see  
A boy named George with Lipstick,  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We fell for Frankie Avalon, Annette was oh, so nice,  
And when they made a movie, they never made it twice.  
We didn't have a Star Trek Five, or Psycho Two and Three,  
Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold, and Chester had a limp,  
And Reagan was a Democrat whose co-star was a chimp.  
We had a Mr. Wizard, but not a Mr. T,  
And Oprah couldn't talk yet,  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had our share of heroes, we never thought they'd go,  
At least not Bobby Darin, or Marilyn Monroe.  
For youth was still eternal, and life was yet to be,  
And Elvis was forever  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never seen the rock band that was Grateful to be Dead,  
And Airplanes weren't named Jefferson, and Zeppelins were not Led.  
And Beatles lived in gardens then, and Monkees lived in trees,  
Madonna was Mary  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never heard of microwaves, or telephones in cars,  
And babies might be bottle-fed, but they were not grown in jars.  
And pumping iron got wrinkles out, and 'gay' meant fancy-free,  
And dorms were never co-Ed  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We hadn't seen enough of jets to talk about the lag,  
And microchips were what was left at the bottom of the bag.  
And hardware was a box of nails, and bytes came from a flea,  
And rocket ships were fiction  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

T-Birds came with portholes, and side shows came with freaks,  
And bathing suits came big enough to cover both your cheeks.  
And Coke came just in bottles, and skirts below the knee,  
And Castro came to power  
near the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had no Crest with Fluoride, we had no Hill Street Blues,  
We had no patterned pantyhose or Lipton herbal tea  
Or prime-time ads for those dysfunctions  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

There were no golden arches, no Perrier to chill,  
And fish were not called Wanda, and cats were not called Bill  
And middle-aged was 35 and old was forty-three,  
And ancient were our parents  
in the Land That Made Me, Me

So now we face a brave new world in slightly larger jeans,  
And wonder why they're using smaller print in magazines.  
And we tell our children's children of the way it used to be,  
Long ago and far away  
in the Land That Made Me, Me.

If you didn't grow up in the fifties,  
You missed the best phase in history,  
It's a pleasure to reminisce on what used to be  
on the Land That Made Me, Me.

## The 1950's

A Decade of Fun, Excitement,  
and Individuality!

Researched by Molly

